

Seminole blues

Tampa Red

My baby's gone, won't be back no more
She won't be back no more
My baby's gone, she won't be back no more
She left this mornin', she caught that Seminole I got the blues so bad
It hurt my tongue to talk
It hurt my tongue to talk
The blues so bad
It hurt my tongue to talk I would follow my baby
But it hurt my feet to walk She gimme her love
Even let me draw her pay
She let me draw her pay, yeah
She give me her love
Even let me draw her pay She was a real good woman
But unkindness drove her away I've got the Seminole blues
Leaving on my mind
Leaving on my mind
Seminole blues
Leaving on my mind I'm goin' to find my baby
If I have to ride the blind

Songwriters

WHITTAKER, HUDSON Published by

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